

"SMILE WHEN YUH CALL ME THAT, PARDNER!" WATCH OUR HORRIBLE
HERO WOW THE WEST IN A TICKLE-TALE THAT'S TRUE, SO HELP US! SO
BUCKLE ON YOUR GUN-BELT AND COME ALONG WITH---

HERBIE, *in* "BIG FAT MESS at the OKAY CORRAL!"



STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY

HERBIE!
WAKE UP,
HERBIE!

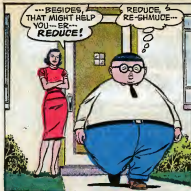


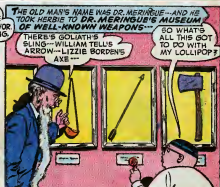
UH...?

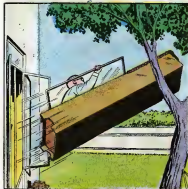
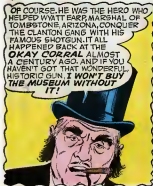
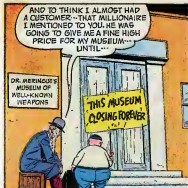
YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING
AGAIN--AND YOU KNOW
HOW ANGRY THAT MAKES
YOUR FATHER. COULDN'T
YOU DEVELOP SOME
KIND OF HOBBY,
INSTEAD OF SLEEPING
ALL THE TIME?
LIKE WALKING,
EVEN...



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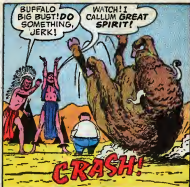






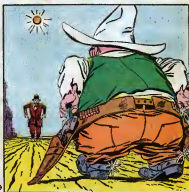




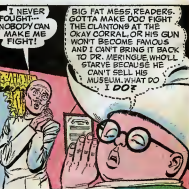
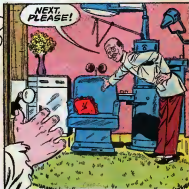
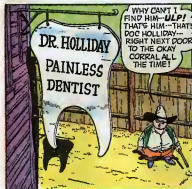




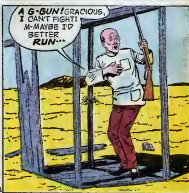
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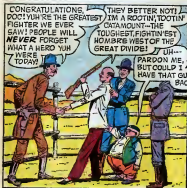


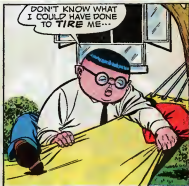
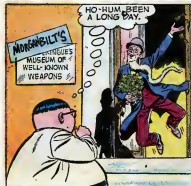














SHOW YOU IT'S SMART TO
Read **"HERBIE"**!
SEE WHAT SMART PEOPLE ARE
GONNA GET IN NEXT ISSUE...



ME---IN "SAHIB HERBIE!"
REAL CLOAK AND DAGGER STUFF,
GUARANTEED TO FRACTURE YOU
WITH REAL FRACTURES. ALL ABOUT
REAL COOL ADVENTURES IN INDIA.
ONLY 4,316 LAUGHS ON FIRST
PAGE, BUT IT PICKS UP
FROM THERE.



BUT THAT'S NOT ALL---HERE'S SCENE
FROM ANOTHER GREAT STORY---



EEEE-EEEE!
OOOOOOO!

YEAH, YEAH,
YEAH!



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO
DOPEY ABOUT---YOU'VE HEARD
OF THE BEATLES, RIGHT?
JUST LOOK AND SEE
WHO WAS EVEN
GREATER! LEARN
A LOT ABOUT POP
MUSIC HERE---
LOLLIPOP
MUSIC!

OKAY--- WHAT MORE DO YOU EXPECT FOR
NOTHING ? PAY YOUR 12¢ AND READ ALL ABOUT IT
in **"HERBIE"** NO.5, OCTOBER-NOVEMBER
ISSUE. IF YOUR NEWSDEALER HAS ANY BRAINS, HE'LL
HAVE IT ON SALE RIGHT AFTER MIDDLE OF
AUGUST. YOU BUY IT---IF YOU HAVE ANY BRAINS!





HERE'S HERBIE!



Got news for you. Bad news. Lollipop manufacturers just announced big price rise. Realize what that means to me? Who can buy pops at those prices? Go hungry. Get weak! Can't pop anyone with this here lollipop if I can't afford this here lollipop. Encouragement for bad actors everywhere. Crime will increase—even you won't be safe. National emergency, whole world in bad way. But it doesn't *have* to be. Fix it so I can afford to buy lollipops at any price and *presto!* Situation improves. All you've got to do for me is make this magazine 100% sellout. Should be easy. Here's how: go to ten friends, tell what great magazine "*Herbie*" is, 1,000 laughs per page guaranteed. Tell 'em to buy it and *really* start living. Ten friends, get it? Then tell 'em that after reading it and finding out how lucky they are, each of 'em in turn has got to tell ten other friends, and so on. If they won't do it, they're no real friends. Send me their names—so help me, I'll use my wailing strength to pop them. But be a real pal and convince 'em and there'll be no need for my strength to wane. Sell lots of copies, buy lots of lollipops and watch me go! Like in the stories in this very issue. Like in "*Big Fat Mess At the Okay Corral*". I'm at my best there—make sure to keep me that way, see? Like in "*Professor Flipdome's Screwly Machine*". Notice how nothing can stop me in that one? Yeah, keep me in lollipops and that keeps me fat. Fatter I am, the braver. Fatter I am, the stronger. Counting on you folks to keep me brave and stroop. Here's what you've got to do. Write me a letter, see? Address it to "*Herbie*", Office Of The Editor, 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. In it, give me your promise to tell ten friends about me and get them to buy my magazine—and tell ten of *their* friends! And while you're at it, tell me what you think about my stories. Do all this and I'll see that your name is enrolled as a charter member of the "*Herbie*" Fan Club. Members will be personally guaranteed against bopping by me. Further, all you need do is send me a list of your favorite enemies, and they'll immediately be placed upon my Preferred Bopping List, to be attended to in order. And now, let's take a look at a few letters about me from other readers.

"Dear Editor:-

Although I've never written to you before, I felt that the occasion of '*Herbie*' No. 1 compelled me to do so. In no uncertain terms may I say that his magazine was well deserved. Out of all characters ever created in comics, I guess *Herbie* is about the most unique one of all. I've been following his adventures in '*Forbidden Worlds*' previous to this, and I've also read the many letters asking for him in his own magazine. What really was a piece of showmanship was the way you showed *Herbie*'s source of power—his different lollipops. Although we don't know where they came from or how they were made, we still see enough to keep us satisfied. While his adventures are hilarious, I would like to say that your short story, '*Rocket No. 1352 Does Not Answer*' had no place in '*Herbie*' No. 1. Please save such stories for your companion magazines. However, your written story was very good. It wouldn't have been had it been on any other subject than *Herbie*. Please have such written stories on *Herbie* in the future. You must know that you made a wise choice in giving the *Fat Fury* his own book. If future stories even resemble the ones in this issue, then he's set for life. I can only hope he gets a letter column, in which case the short story will probably be excluded. I'd rather see a letter column than a short story any time, since the frank opinions of your readers are always interesting. I can't see how you can receive any other but favorable replies to *Herbie*. Good luck in the future.

—Paul A. Feola,
1050 Waverly Ave.,
San Antonio 1, Texas."

Paul A. Feola, huh? Look, I don't like this jazz about writing to the Editor. My magazine, you write to me. And what does "unique" mean? It better be something good if you want to keep your health. But maybe you mean well, so I'll go easy on you. You ain't just whistlin' about "*Rocket No. 1352*"—why do you think I ran that no-good Editor out of here and took over? From now on, we'll play it for laughs all the way, and none of that dopey stuff in my magazine. About the letter column—you've got it, so

don't let me hear you complaining, see?

"Dear Editor:-

I don't agree one bit with Randy Decaro's letter in No. 115 of 'Forbidden Worlds'. I think your comics are great. One of my favorites is 'Herbie', but could you tell all of us readers how Herbie got to be a Little Fat Nothing?

-David Gede, c/o All America Cables,
Christiansted, St. Croix,
Virgin Islands".

All right, David, I'll give you the real answer—confidentially. It wasn't easy getting to be a Little Fat Nothing—I had to work at it.

"Dear Mr. Hughes:-

I have just purchased issue No. 1 of 'Herbie'. I felt a little foolish buying a comic like Herbie, but when I had finished reading it, I knew that feeling was a great mistake. This comic is, in my opinion, the best that the American Comics Group ever published. This is my first letter to your company, but definitely not the last. How could such an issue miss, with such celebrities as President Johnson, Ladybird, Jimmy Durante, Fidel Castro, Sonoy Liston and Khrushchev? And the artwork of this issue was sensational. Please praise Ogden Whitney for me on the great artwork. I actually cracked up when Herbie turned Merlin into Jimmy Durante, and when the Little Fat Nothing did that crazy Russian dance. If the Academy of Comic Books Arts and Sciences ever gives out an award for funny comics, Herbie's got it made. If not, they should give Herbie a special Golden Alley. Oh, yes—I'm president of the Ace Comics Club. We have over 40 members and we publish a newsletter. I am planning to write an article on your greatest sensation, the one and only Herbie. We are also forming a Herbie Fan Club and adding it to our club as a chapter. Are we the first Herbie Fan Club? As I am writing this letter, we have over 12 copies of issue No. 1 of Herbie on my bed. The issue is probably a sure sellout.

-Fred L. Anderson,

87-21 160 St., Jamaica 32, N.Y."

Keep this character Hughes out of this. The name's Herbie Popnecker and I run this show from A to Zowie. What's this about feeling foolish about buying a comic like "Herbie"? The only ones that should feel foolish are

those who don't buy it, the dopes. About the celebrities in my magazine—just between us, it's an honor for them to get in, but I'm the democratic type. But I do like decorations to go with my lollipops. So far I've got the Congressional Medal Of Honor, the Croix de Guerre, the Best Of Show at the American Kennel Club and lots of others. You're not the first to form a Herbie Fan Club—that honor goes to the Herbie Popnecker Fan Club of Rutgers University.

"Dear Editor:-

Blast it! I saw the 'Herbie' magazine's announcement to issue No. 119 of 'Forbidden Worlds' and I rushed right down to the newsstand. It looked like a toronado had hit it—comics strewn all over. After an intensive search, I discovered a disturbing fact—no 'Herbie'. 'Adventures Into The Unknown', 'Unknown Worlds'—but no 'Herbie'. I realize how valuable first issues of comics become, and I'm mad beyond words. If I ever hear the name 'Herbie' again, I'll take him on singlehanded!

-Denny Ward,

3072 Mazzano Drive, Walnut Creek, Cal.
You're gonna have to take me on single-handed, guy, because you'll hear the name "Herbie" a few million times a day if I have anything to say about it. You in shape? Wind good? Better send your mother a picture so she can remember you the way you used to be. On second thought, be fair, Popnecker. Give the guy a chance. Let him come into the ring with Cassius Clay, a zoo gorilla, The Monster From 40,000 Fathoms and two dozen assorted comics magazine heroes. That way, you may last half a round, Denny—but I doubt it!

"Dear Herbie:-

I've just finished reading 'Herbie And The Dragon's Tears' and 'Herbie Beards Castro' and I think you've got a wonderful magazine! Everytime I read it, I roll on the floor with laughter. But why, when you hop monsters with your lollipop, do they fly up to the air? Is it because you're so strong, or is your lollipop super?

-Laren Estleman,

5695 Walsh Road, Whitmore Lake, Mich."
Does Macy's tell Gimbel's? Trade secrets, Laren. All I can say is, when I hop monsters, they stay hopped. Got any you want hopped, I'm your man.

NELLIE NO-DATE

THE SPACECRAFT FROM MARS IS NOW HOVERING JUST ABOVE THE EARTH AND PLANS TO LAND TOMORROW. THE MARTIANS WILL BE WELCOMED AT A BIG DANCE IN THEIR HONOR ON TUESDAY...

THOSE MARTIANS HAVE NEVER SEEN AN EARTH GIRL... THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT ONE'S SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE, AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

NOBODY AROUND...THE FAIR WON'T OPEN FOR TWO HOURS YET. AND I CAN USE THIS BALLOON!

COUNTY FAIR

BALLOON ASCENSION

HEY! LET ME IN!

BAM!

BAM!

YOU SAY THEY'RE THROWING THIS BIG SHINDIG FOR US... AND YOU WANT TO BE MY DATE? HOW CAN I BE SURE THAT YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL?

I'M GIVING YOU MY WORD, THERE'S NOBODY LIKE ME--I'M A REAL DOLL! IT'S A DATE, RIGHT?

TUESDAY CAME, AND NELLIE WAS PRIMING FOR THE GREAT OCCASION...

WHEN THE OTHER GIRLS SEE ME WITH THE MARTIAN COMMANDER, THEY'LL SAY, "HE KNOWS A REAL GONE BEAUTY WHEN HE SEES ONE!"--OH-OH, THE PHONE.

R-RING!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE BREAKING OUR DATE? B-BUT WHY?

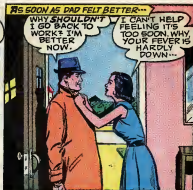
GORRY, KID--BUT I FOUND A GIRL MUCH PRETTIER THAN YOU. 'BYE!

GRRR...
RRR!

READER, DO YOU DESERVE TO READ THIS STORY? ARE YOU A GOOD JOE, AND PURE IN HEART? IF YOU'RE NOT, BEWARE, BECAUSE THE FAT FURY IS SET TO KICK THE BEJEEPERS OUT OF YOU. BUT IF YOUR CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR, READ AHEAD---ALL ABOUT THE THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF

HERBIE in "PROFESSOR FLIPDOME'S SCREWY MACHINE!"







MEANWHILE, HERBIE HAD BEEN PURSUING DAD, WHO HAD FORGOTTEN HIS RUBBERS HE MISSED JUST BY MOMENTS...

TOO LATE. NEVER CATCH UP RUNNING, SO...



FUNNY. SAW HIM GET ON, BUT NOW IT'S EMPTY. AND PROFESSOR FLIPDOME IS DRIVING IT.

HELLO, HERBIE!



DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A BUS-DRIVER.

I'M NOT. BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD TRAP A PROSPECT TO TRY OUT MY NEW MACHINE! THAT'S IT IN THE REAR OF THE BUS...



AND YOU SAY THE ...UH--MAN WHO GOT ON THE BUS WENT INTO THAT? WHAT DOES IT DO?

REDUCES YOU IN SIZE---DOWN, DOWN, DOWN---UNTIL YOU ENTER THE KINGDOM OF MINIATURE! THERE YOU'LL FIND A TWIN FOR EVERYBODY THAT'S HERE!

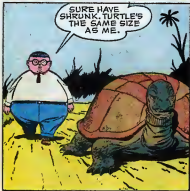
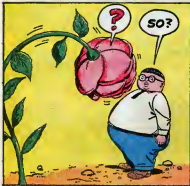
HERBIE KNEW HIS DUTY... AND HE DID IT...

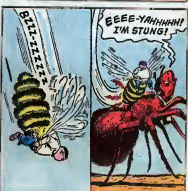
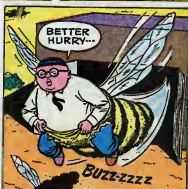
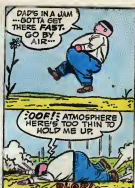
NOW YOU'VE GOT **TWO** GUINEA-PIGS!

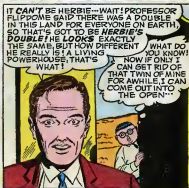


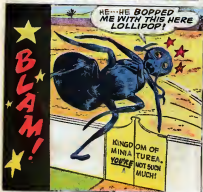
HE MADE HIS LANDING WITHIN A STRANGE GREEN RAY... IN A STRANGE LAND...

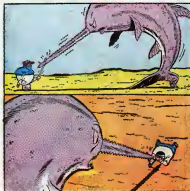
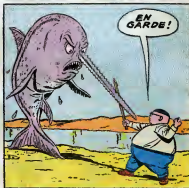
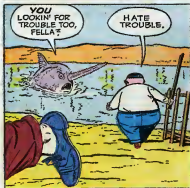
SO I'M HERE.











THANKSTHANKSTHANKSTHANKS!
OH, IF ONLY MY SON, THAT LITTLE
FAT---ER---EXCUSE ME! IF ONLY
MY SON WERE A LITTLE MORE
LIKE YOU---

CAN SEE IT'S
NOT SAFE FOR YOU
AROUND HERE.
GOING TO
ESCORT YOU
BACK.



BE HOME IN
NO TIME, BETTER
FOR YOU. STAND
UNDER RAY.



HERBIE GAVE HIS FATHER A
SAFE HEADSTART, THEN FOLLOWED.
BACK IN HIS OWN DIMENSION, HE
APPROACHED HIS HOUSE---AND
SAW TROUBLE APOOT!

OH-OH, SOMETHING
GOOFED UP. DIDN'T
GET HIS FULL GROWTH
BACK AND HE'S
SCARED TO GO
IN---



NEXT DOOR WAS PROFESSOR FLIPDOME'S
LABORATORY---

HE PROVED THAT
YOUR MACHINE
WORKS---NOW
YOU'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING
FOR HIM!

SIMPLE, HERBIE.
I'LL TRAIN THE
BETA-RAY ON
HIM FROM HERE.
THAT SHOULD
DO IT!



IT DID IT, ALL RIGHT---AND THEN SOME---

---AND THE MACHINE PUT
ME INTO ANOTHER WORLD
WHERE EVERYTHING WAS
TINY AND A BIG SPIDER
TRIED TO EAT ME! THEN
I MET HERBIE, BUT HE
WASN'T HERBIE AND
HE BEAT UP THE KING-
SIZE ANT AND FOUGHT
A DUEL WITH THE
SWORD-FISH---

I KNEW
YOU'D GOTTEN
UP AND TRIED
TO GO BACK TO
WORK TOO SOON!
YOUR FEVER'S
COME BACK---
YOU'RE GETTING
INTO BED AT
ONCE!



IT ISN'T JUST THE WAY
YOU LOOK, YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE IT, BUT I MET
SOMEBODY WHO WAS THE
IMAGE OF YOU---BUT HE
WAS A REAL POWER-
HOUSE! WHAT
COURAGE---
WHAT STRENGTH
---WHAT---



---WHAT A
DIFFERENCE!

PLEASE, DAD,
DRINK THIS NICE
HOT COFFEE---AND
RELAX!



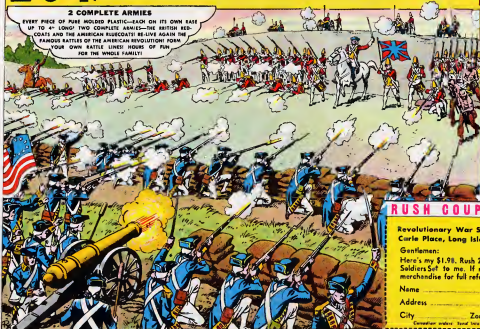
THE
END!

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№4
SEPTEMBER

IND.



MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...



HERBIE

12¢



DRAW, CONSNARN
YUH, HERBIE
...**DRAW!**

IN THIS SCREAM-PACKED
ALL-HERBIE ISSUE...

'BIG FAT MESS at
THE OKAY CORRAL!'
"PROFESSOR
FLIPDOME'S SCREWWY
MACHINE!"

